

# Prism

*Highlights*  
**Student Art  
and Writing**

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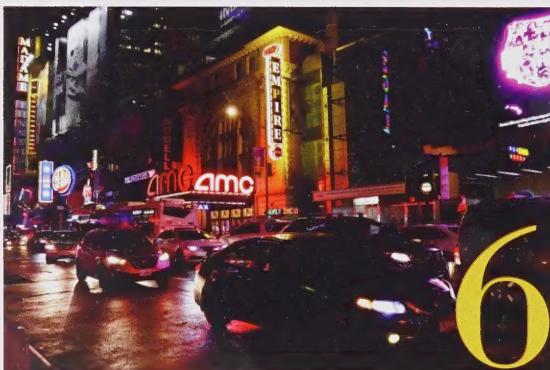
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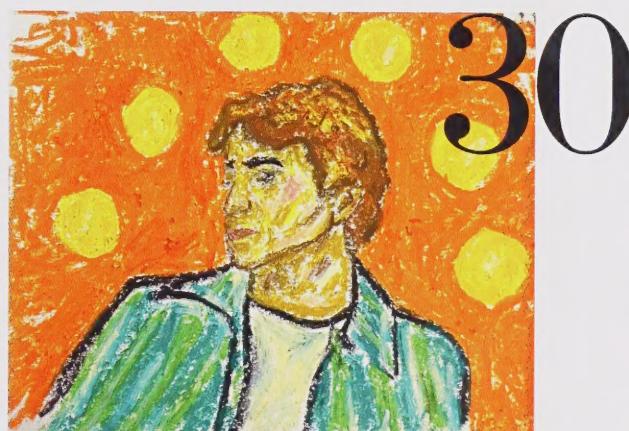
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# Meet the Staff

Left to right  
JJ Jordan '23  
Jayden Miles '24  
Julianna Moreland '24



JJ



Jayden Miles



Julianna!

Left to right  
J.K. Killins '24  
Dr. Laskowski, Advisor  
Sean Ray '23



J.K. Killins



Dr Laskowski



Sean Ray

Left to right  
Emma Weinberg '26  
Emmarose Boylan '24



Emma Weinberg



Emmarose 6/23

# Editor's Letter

Dear readers,

It is our pleasure to present the 2023 edition of *Prism*, the literary magazine of William Peace University. Our goal for this issue is to showcase how each artist featured in *Prism* came to be and how WPU played a critical role in nurturing their skills. From innovative art classes to sincere professors, WPU provides a supportive environment for students to explore and develop their passions.

Furthermore, we cannot overlook the city of Raleigh's influence on each artist. From the vibrant art scene to the diverse community, Raleigh offers an intricate perspective that has impacted each artist's work.

It is our hope that this year's *Prism* magazine will inspire each student to recognize the power of their own voice through whichever art form they choose. It is essential to realize that one does not need to be "a good artist" to create meaningful art. The act of artistic introspection is essential to finding oneself.

We urge every reader to take a moment to immerse themselves in the pieces featured in this year's *Prism*. Each piece is a reflection of the artist's journey and a testament to their creativity and dedication. Let us celebrate their achievements and be inspired to explore our own artistic endeavors.

Sincerely,

Editor-in-Chief, Julianna Moreland  
and Staff



A CONTEMPORARY POEM REFLECTING COLLEGE STUDENTS'  
EXPERIENCES OF DEPRESSION

# Writing on Walls

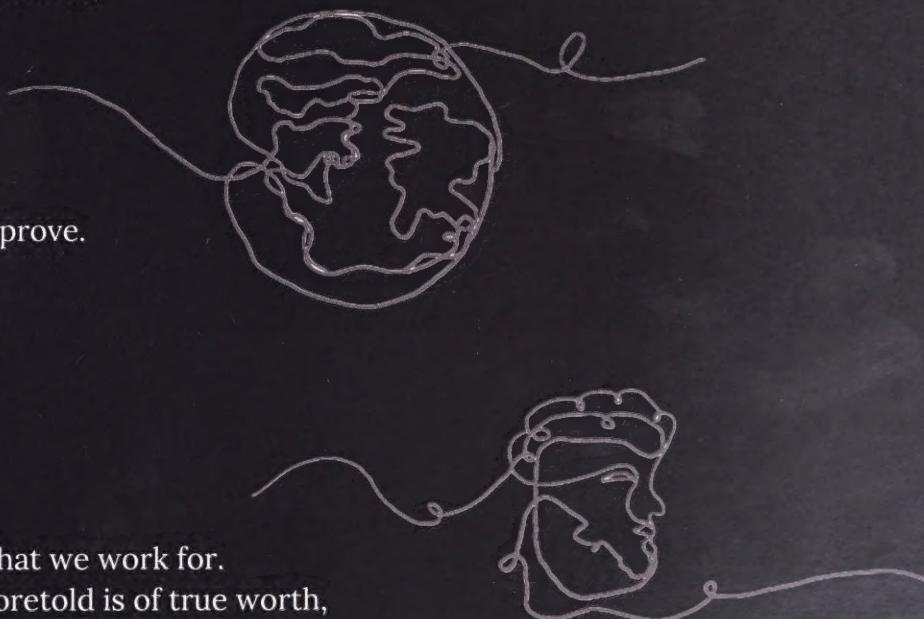
*By Sunne King*

Menial motions along buttons and keys, ticking by with the hours.  
Eyes worn and aching, awaiting the end.  
Existing in exhaustion and contemplation,  
This is the routine of our lot.  
Questions of worth, sputtering for words,  
This is the routine of our lot.

One more chance,  
One more moment,  
One more day,  
One more shot with something to prove.

Nothing can go to waste,  
Not a single sentence,  
Not a single page.  
We have so much more to give.

Take a moment to breathe, to live.  
This is what we came for, this is what we work for.  
No one knows if the opportunity foretold is of true worth,  
Nor do we know what lies on the shadowed path ahead.  
Yet, we have traveled too far and toiled too hard  
For it to result in naught.  
So as our coming of age comes to a close,  
We shut our aching eyes and plunge into the end we sought.





# Khalil Tompkins

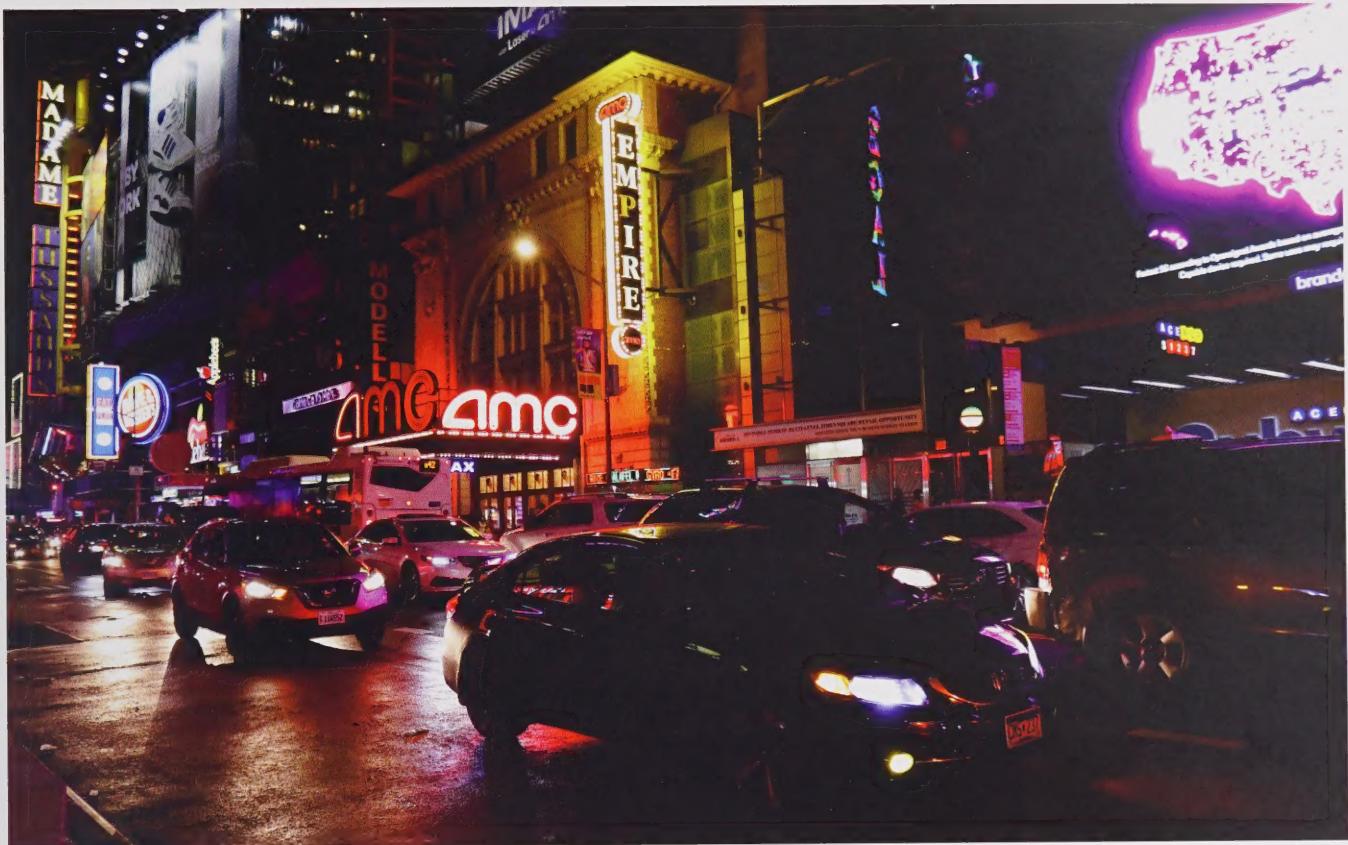
## *Capturing the Narrative of Life*

Born in Brooklyn, but transformed by Durham, Khalil Tompkins, a senior at WPU, sees beauty in everything around him. "I take pictures anytime I feel like something's beautiful, to capture that moment or that memory," he says. He captures the essence of his surroundings, transforming everyday moments into works of art. Tompkins muses, "I know that people usually don't say the city of Raleigh is very cinematic, but I think it is."

With his art, Tompkins wants to combat the propaganda in modern media that perpetuates a negative view of Gen Z. He wants to show the humility of his generation through his art by capturing the stories of people's ordinary lives. When asked how his photography captures "the story of the people" Tompkins said that it "has honest moments" that focus on the simple parts of life. Tompkins's journey to becoming a

photographer was not a straight line. He experienced an "artistic awakening" in his junior year, realizing that he needed to pursue his true passion. "I had to ask myself, what do you really want to do?" he recalls. Thanks to the guidance of his SGD professor Brandon Crews, Tompkins was able to find the courage to take the leap into photography, a decision that has paid off.

Despite his impending graduation, Tompkins remains rooted in his passion for the art form. Now, as he prepares to embark on the next chapter of his career, Tompkins is excited to open his own studio in North Carolina. His future is bright, and his passion for photography shows no signs of slowing down. Whether he's capturing the scenery of Raleigh or the bustling streets of Brooklyn, Tompkins's love for photography and people shines through in every shot.



Photographs by Khalil Tompkins '23

A NARRATIVE FROM A TREE

# A Long Life

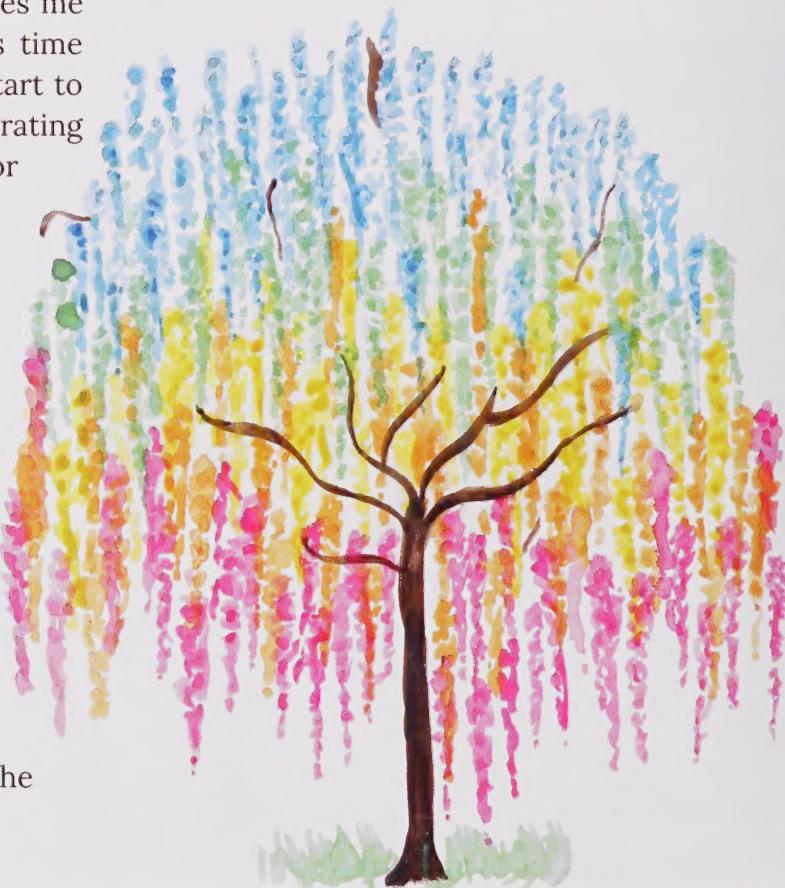
*By Ghosted*

Many, many years ago, I was planted into the earth and born into this world. A year went by, and I began to see the world around me and smell the outside air. As I grew older, I saw many of what my older relatives called "humans." They came and they went, whether in rain or shine.

Around 20 years later, when I started to get big enough, some of them would use me for shade or protection from the oncoming storms that poured onto them. I do not know why they hate the water, it gives me the nutrients that I need to live. As time passed, I began seeing the humans start to travel together as if they were migrating like birds, but they did not go south for the winter. They went west.

Later, I became one of the strongest and tallest within my group, causing me to be a leader and one that the next generations look up to. I saw the humans come and go for generations. But, one time, instead of leaving, they stayed. They began to cut down some of my oldest relatives to create something new and different. Since I was born into the ground, I could not move to stop them. Since I was entrapped by the ground below myself, I could not move or get away from the humans.

As time passed, I waited for my turn to come, to be turned into what the humans call a "house." For some reason, my time never came, and they build their houses around me. For as far as I can see, in all directions, now I am alone, the last one of my kind, separated from my relatives of the past. Time continues to move whether I wish it to or not, and the humans continue their expansion. As day by day goes by, they continue to come back with new things I've never seen before.



Art by Caitlin Corll '24

*anonymous*

mother

how does a mom know  
when her child is broken?  
can she send it back,  
get a replacement doll?  
she gave me life,  
she can sense that I want to take it,  
a mother's tears  
came almost too late.

an

us

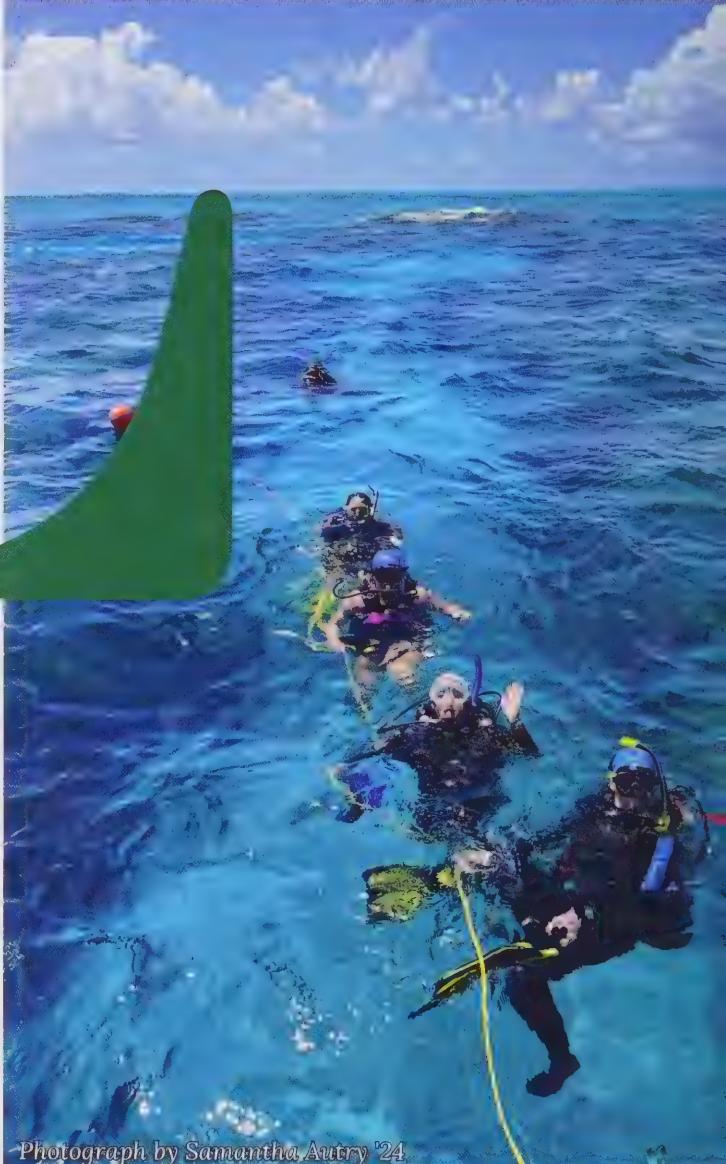
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# ENVIRONMENTALISM FEATURE

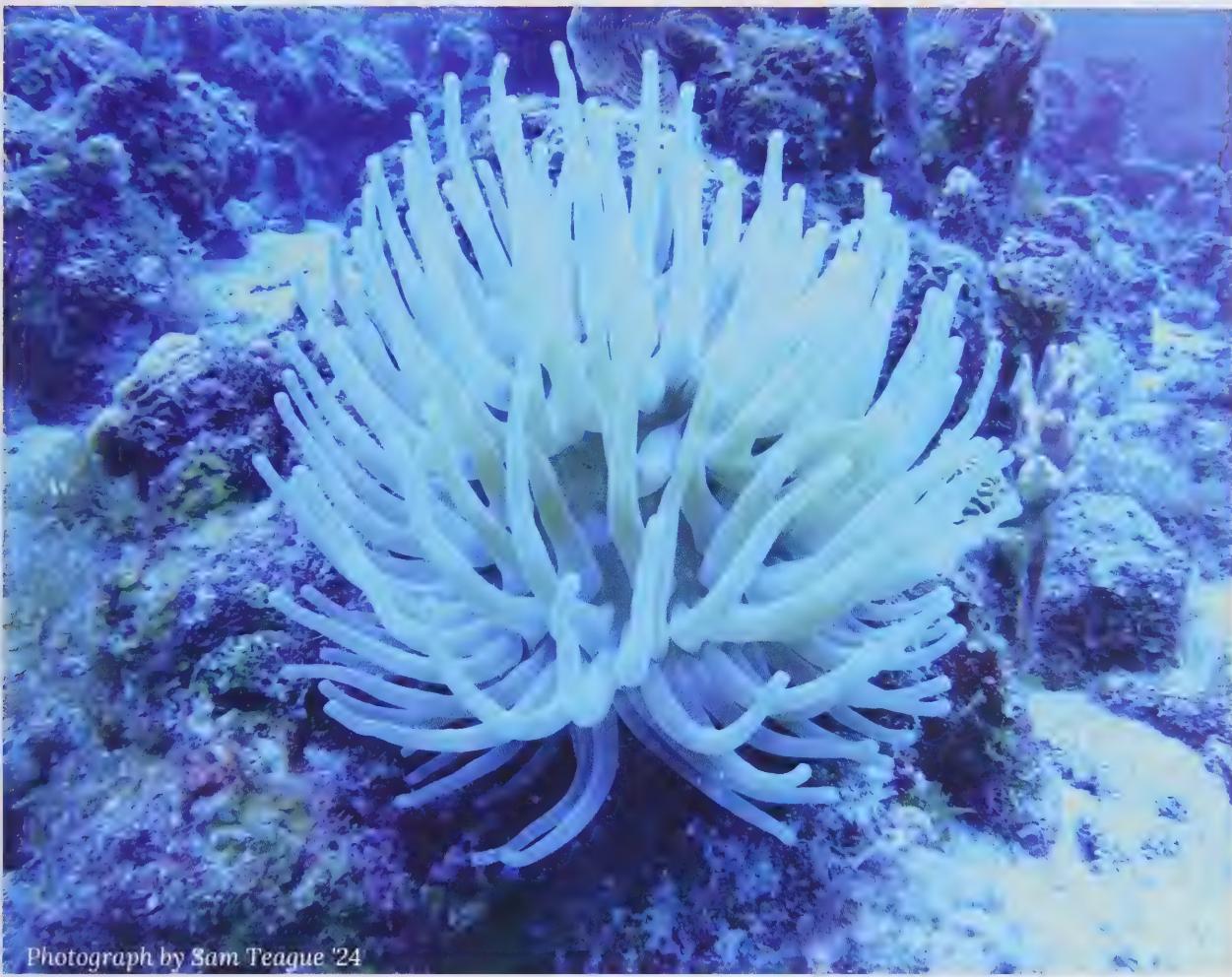
## *Awareness Through Art*

Prism artists Sam Teague ('24), Samantha Autry ('24), and Sunne King ('24) use their creativity to convey the importance of conservation. Teague and Autry give viewers a first-hand view of diving, while Sunne King composes poetry to convey the importance of conservation efforts.

Sam Teague's underwater photography captures the abundant sea life in Curaçao, an island nation in the Caribbean Netherlands. Teague has been a certified scuba diver for five years now, but he got involved in diving at 13.



Photograph by Samantha Autry '24



Photograph by Sam Teague '24

Teague expresses that diving became significant to him after he took Dr. Lisa Bonner's Invertebrate Zoology course at WPU. This class provides an in-depth study of species, including those in the sea. Teague explains that the knowledge he gained about marine species made diving a more meaningful experience for him: "It enriches the entire experience because you now understand [the] interactions between the environment and those particular pieces of marine life."

For Teague, diving is not only something interesting to take part in, but also an effort of conservation. He says, "once people are able to experience the joys of diving and a full immersion into the marine environment, they too will become passionate about the subject and

[possibly] become involved in conservation efforts and keeping plastics out of the ocean." His photography is an opportunity to educate people about the importance of life under the oceans.

"[The ocean is] not just a vast container of water that covers 70% of the earth..." Teague argues. "Y'know, there's an ecosystem down there, and our particular actions matter when it comes to impacting that ecosystem." He says that his pictures "depict the various environmental flora and fauna of the Caribbean."

Teague's vast interest in sea life is comparable to Samantha Autry's interest in environmentalism. Both students focus on environmental conservation efforts. (continued on pg. 14)



Photographs by Sam Teague '24

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A NARRATIVE POEM EXPLORING THE LIFE AND DEATH OF  
MOTHER NATURE

# Natura

*By Sunne King*

Arisen from beds of moss and blankets of spores, she awakens.  
Mountains, volcanoes and dunes line her back,  
Plateaus, canyons and valleys embellish her figure,  
Baobab trees and bamboo protrude from her bosom.  
Cascading across her snow-capped shoulders is her hair—clusters of alabaster clouds,  
Sunkissed like the soil coating her handprints.  
O, Mother, how she answers the calls of her children:  
The howling of wolves, the shrieks of apes,  
The melodious choirs of birds, big and small,  
The bellowing roars of prestigious beasts,  
The rumbling thunder of herds,  
All outshone by the echoing opera of whales and the clamorous coos and caws beyond.

She greets the lot with gifts—a generous breeze across a limitless sky,  
A golden morning gleaming with promise.  
New grasses to devour, new leaves to sample,  
The awaiting prey worthy of sacrifice,  
Long awaited is the inviting warmth of home,  
from entangling jungles to the chill of the tundra.

At her seat of the cosmos, she brings a new child: Man.  
From her crown, she forges his bones,  
From her robes, she sews his skin and hair,  
From her scepter, she produces magic and bears his spirit.  
Man is born, but Man is restless.

Man does not survive like the others,  
Man takes, deprives, revels and repeats.  
Man cares not for his brothers, nor his home.  
Man adapts, but Man does not learn.

O, Mother, how you extend your gracious hand,  
Only for it to burn and shrivel at Man's touch.  
Her lungs black and hardening,  
Her skin putrid and cold,  
Man cares not for the ailment.  
Man cares not for Mother;  
For Man cares for himself.  
With seeds of ruin sown,  
The once loving and tender balance  
Is left to perish at the hands of Man.

Autry's interest in environmentalism stems from her childhood in Eastern North Carolina, where she often experienced the extremes of mother nature, such as hurricanes. Autry explains that although she only got certified as a diver this past summer, she has always loved the ocean and swimming.

Autry says that since she received her certification, she takes every opportunity to dive and "experience the open water."

Like Teague, Autry stresses the importance of photography in relation to conservation efforts and awareness. She says that photography "allows for the spread of information on critical issues. [It can be] used as a utility on resource conservation projects." Autry explains that photography also gives individuals an opportunity to "become more involved in the reality of environmental issues."

Autry believes that art and photography are fundamental for humanity because "one piece can reach various communities that receive different perspectives depending on their life experiences."

"It isn't enough to just say nature is taken for granted in our time," argues poet Sunne King. "It's reduced to ruin, and oftentimes it is beyond repair. Contrary to what people think, there isn't going to be another chance at a world like ours; we need to make the most of it and cherish what is left for as long as can." King continues, "when we do so through art, we connect the practice that is the closest to our hearts and minds with the reality of our world. At least through that, we can get people to understand that urgency we feel."

Through art, the students at WPU are raising awareness about conservation by sharing their intimate perspectives on the environment.

**"WHERE WE SEE A LACK OF ENVIRONMENTAL AWARENESS IS WHERE WE SEE AN INCREASE IN ENVIRONMENTAL DEGRADATION FROM HUMAN ACTIVITY."**

Samantha Autry '24

*By Ghosted*



# THE YELLOW EYES

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Michael woke up in the middle of the night to what sounded like metal being dragged across his roof. He lay there in bed wondering what all the commotion was outside. He heard something that sounded like rain hitting the side of his house, but it was coming down hard. He rolled over to grab his phone as a loud crash of shattering glass was heard downstairs. It woke his wife next to him and his newborn child down the hall. Michael immediately jumped to his feet, for fear it was an intruder.

His wife started up in fear when she heard the glass break and asked him what she should do. She was clearly in a panic. Before he could reply, she took off down the hall, the crying of their child having reached her ears over the clatter of what sounded like machine gun fire hitting the house.

Michael followed her from the room, but turned in the opposite direction. Heading for the stairs, he went to see what had happened and if he could stop this intruder from doing any harm. As he crept toward the first floor of his house, Michael could hear a sound coming from his living room.

The scent of water and blood grew strong as he got closer. Thinking that the intruder was hurt, Michael revealed himself without fear, sure he could take on whoever was in the house. When he stepped to the floor, Michael immediately felt water in the carpet. He scanned the room but couldn't find anyone. He looked to see what had been shattered and saw a window had been

broken in. Glass covered the floor near his new leather sofa. A breach, almost the size of his torso allowed rain to pour in through the shattered glass, ruining everything.

Michael couldn't imagine what could make a hole that big, knowing full well that he was not a small person, with broad shoulders and a leaner body than most men his age. He continued to scan the room, feeling a sense of unease as if there was still someone in the house. Since he was standing in the only exit from the room, other than the brand new hole in the window, Michael listened and tried to locate the intruder before venturing into the now unknown of his own home.

He could hear something coming from the opposite corner, near the grandfather clock. As he started to cross the room, the clock struck twelve. Michael jumped, thinking whatever was there would jump or attack the noise to make it stop. But he heard nothing and started towards the intruder again. As he drew near, he could hear panting and whining.

As Michael took a step closer, the panting stopped. The whining turned into a low, deep growl. He froze, sensing that another step could mean his doom. He squinted his eyes to try to see what was hiding in the corner of the room. As he peered further into the shadows of the clock, Michael felt more than saw a black figure. He couldn't make out what it was, nor could he see it because of the storm outside. All Michael could see, as he looked around the clock, was a pair of yellow eyes staring right back at him.

# JACOB TRUMP

## FROM MARIO DRAWINGS TO CAREER AMBITIONS: AN ARTISTIC JOURNEY

Meet Jacob Trump, a WPU sophomore who is passionate about illustration, caricature, and character design. Trump, a double major in SGD and Communication, explains that his love for art began when he was a child: "I would play Mario games and then I would draw these really bad drawings of levels from those games or characters I would watch from TV shows." Trump

recalls that he would spend time drawing alongside favorite TV shows as he honed his illustration skills. Now, his "really bad drawings" have grown into a passion that he is seeking to transform into a profession. Although Trump remarks that "for most people, art starts as a hobby," he has been encouraged to pursue illustration as a career. His parents have supported his



Illustrations by Jacob Trump '25



love for art and helped him realize that a career doing what he loves is possible.

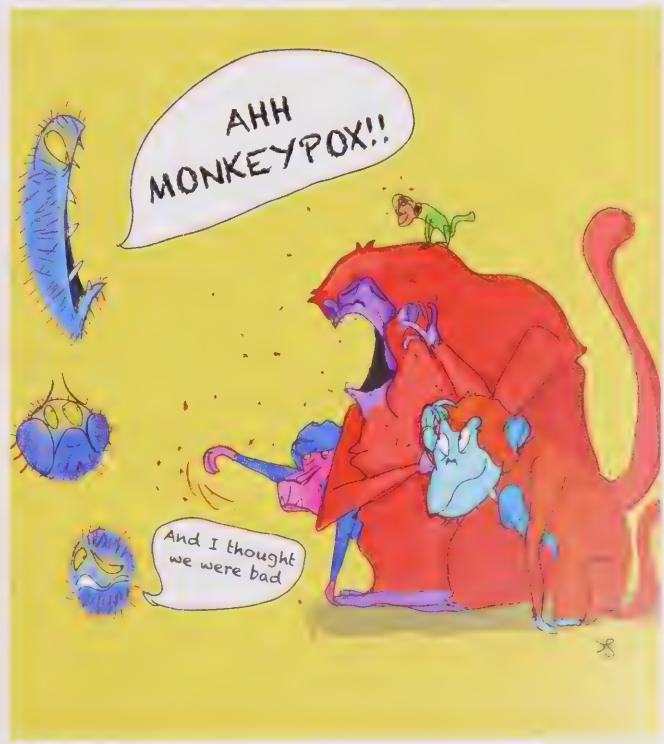
Trump's illustrations focus on creating memorable and expressive characters that tell a story through their movement; "I really like very expressive, very big-eyed drawings as if they're in motion," he states. "At least that's what I try to capture." His goal is to bring joy to people who view his art, rather than try to convey a particular message or meaning. "I want people to think that my art is fun to look at — I want it to bring them enjoyment and make their day," he explains.

Although it may not be obvious to a viewer, Trump finds experimenting with color challenging, but he is improving his skills and exploring different combinations. He credits WPU for giving him the opportunity to get into the design world, which has helped him hone his artistic skills and gain experience in the creative process.

Trump emphasizes the importance of art, highlighting its ability to communicate in different ways: "I think the most fundamental part of art is that it's all different. No artist is

going to have the same style."

He encourages aspiring artists to pursue their passion without hesitation: "If you are looking to do any sort of art like photography or drawing, just do it," he says. "You just got to go in headfirst and just practice, practice, practice." His advice is simple yet powerful, and it reflects his love for artistry and his commitment to sharing joy with others.





# A Distant Memory

*By Alana Morgan*

The fingers that once ran through her hair were no more than a figment of her imagination.

A fragment of a distant memory that still reminded her of what was and what couldn't be.

Broken hearted and lost in the days when she'd say the words "I love you" while smiling.

Grinning from ear to ear not realizing that those words would eventually mean nothing.

The word and those four meaningless letters would truly change her forever.

# Emma

## EMMA WEINBERG

# Emma

### *On Urban Photography*

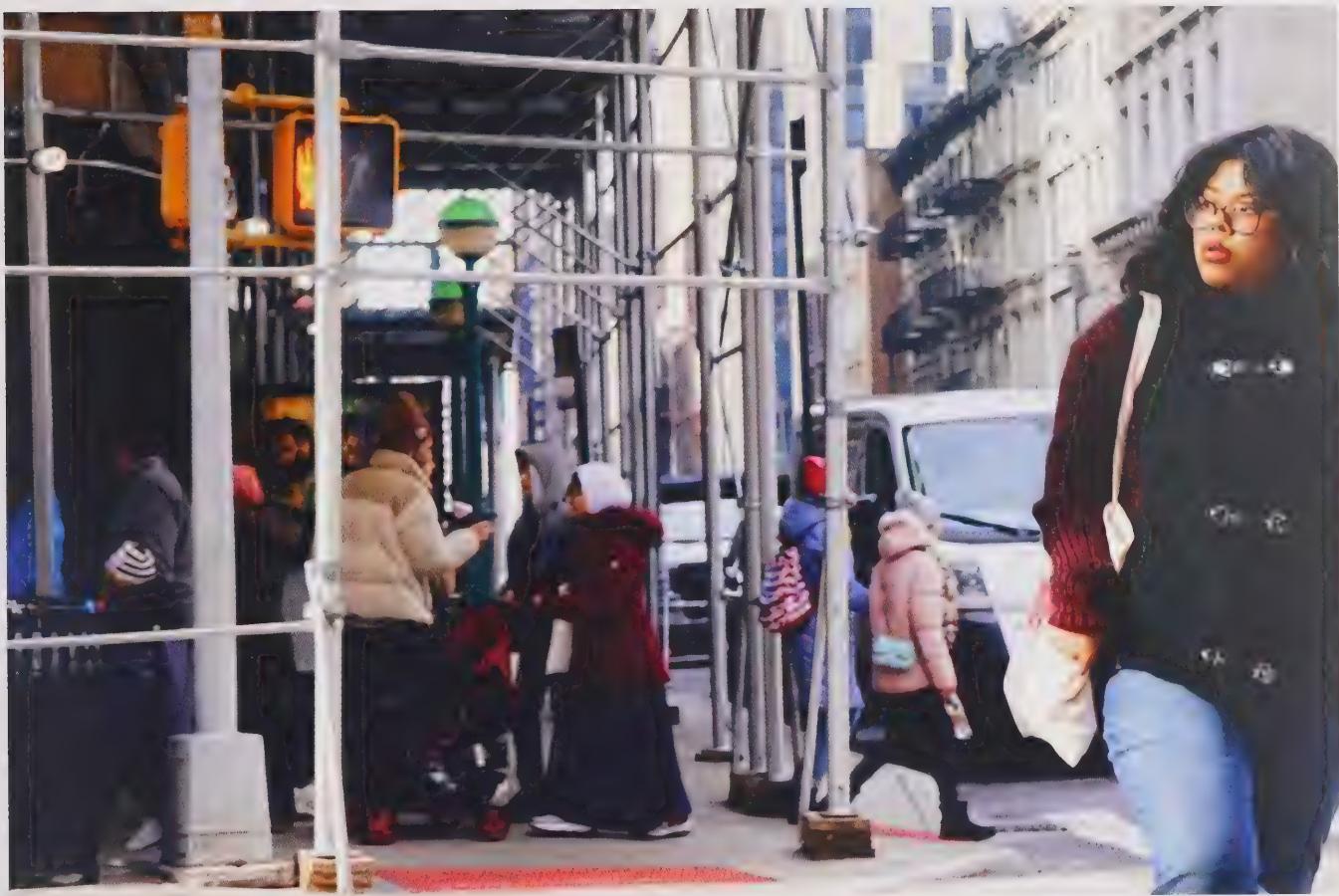
First Year Emma Weinberg is interested in studying the human experience through photography. Her focus is on street photography, capturing candid moments of people and the moving life around her. She also experiments with nature photography.

In an interview, Weinberg shared that she became interested in photography when she realized that she could use it as a medium to report findings for anthropology. Weinberg sees photography as a powerful tool to showcase life as it is, and she hopes to capture the emotions and moods presented in her photos.

Weinberg's latest collection of photos was taken this past January during a trip to New York City with her mother.

She was able to experience different kinds of people which helped her grow as a photographer. Through her images, she hopes to capture the way society and people actually are. When asked about the importance of art in society, Weinberg believes that it is fundamental because of its ability to influence and impact emotions. For her, music and photography have the most significant impact.

She hopes that her photography can evoke emotions in her audience and help them better understand the human experience. Weinberg sees photography as an essential tool for understanding people from different cultures and backgrounds. Through her lens, she hopes to bring people together and help them understand each other better.



Photographs by Emma Weinberg '26

# Friends Through Faith

*By Julius  
Mcphun*

All for one or none, with God we have begun.  
With a friend in time, we are due to shine,  
Together with forever in mind.

Planted as seeds, we sum into one,  
Like beads on a thread,  
Piecing people together as parts of one,  
Bringing purpose to lives through community.

Now, change is within, as we withstand Satan's planning,  
Directly pieced and put together with God's intent.  
As one, we are concrete as his content.  
As pieces of the puzzle, created in connection with comrades,  
We are a myriad of his majesty.



Art by Caitlin Corll '24



## Derek Martinez

Derek Martinez, a senior at WPU and the oldest of three children, took on the responsibility of capturing his siblings sporting events to preserve the moments for his mother, who could not attend due to work. He realized that photography has the ability to preserve memories, which can be shared with others.

Martinez believes that photography connects people through the expression of individuality and empathy. He perceives photography as a communication platform that allows individuals to share their perspectives of the world.

Martinez's images in the *Prism* emphasize the importance of traveling and gaining a new perspective, reminding people that everyday life can be meaningful and worthwhile. "The sunset [picture] reminds me that not everything is all that bad. Every day is a different day," Martinez reflects.



Photographs by Derek Martinez '23

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# Quiet & Seek

*By Emmarose Boylan*

Snow falls as the wind whispers,  
Covering up the scuttling creatures.  
Broken logs climb high into the hidden night,  
Standing tall to support the ethereal lights.

A pathway hidden by the fallen powder aglow  
Crunched under your foot like an unforgiving shadow.  
Not a noise is to be heard for miles around,  
But yet here you are, daring to make a sound,  
Fracturing the snow-laden ground  
That was softly frolicking around.

Where you now quickly tread, disturbing this peace  
Weaving through trees almost desperately.  
Where you, weary traveler, run and flee,  
Why here be captivated by the endless falling shower  
When your time is up in but an hour?

And so the cold-laden snow whisks and weaves  
Between trees like autumnal leaves.  
Now obscuring your path so effortlessly.  
One must wonder why you flee so recklessly,  
To break the quiet like so,  
To alert everything to where you go.

The creatures that lay in wait in the snow,  
Listening for sounds within the shadows.  
Through scratches and tears in wood and rock  
The creature's eyes shine in the dark,  
As they wonder in the quiet of just us two  
Hunting not just me but also, Little Red, you.



## *Inspiration Behind the Poem*

Emmarose Boylan ('24) made the poem and illustration (above), both titled "Quiet & Seek," to capture the evolving concept of a "person seeing this ethereal quiet... woods." Into that world, she added "an aspect of the Little Red Riding Hood story, but from the wolf's perspective" as she puts it. This unique perspective shift allows for the more suspenseful aspects of the poem to take shape.

The inspiration for the two companion pieces also reflects the destruction that Boylan sees within her own community. She explains, "there is construction in the woods, and... part of it is being torn down... to create another highway." The tumult of the construction is shown through Little Red's loud footsteps as she is observed by the lurking creature.

Boylan uses her passion for writing poetry and her skills as a SGD major to create digital drawings and artwork. Most of Boylan's artwork is inspired by anime-style art. For a series currently in progress, chance provides Boylan's artistic inspiration. Through a series of dice rolls, she combines two creatures from separate fictional universes — Pokemon and Dungeons & Dragons — to create a fantastical fusion, including the piece below, "Lepus Pyre."

According to Boylan, each of the fusions can go in one of two ways. Either the physical attributes or the lore of the original characters is brought to life. "Lepus Pyre," or "Fire Rabbit" in Latin, is a mix of both. Boylan's advice for budding artists and writers: "Each person has their own unique style. Find your style, what you like... and run with it."



Illustrations by Emmarose Boylan '24



# typography

## A PRINTED MATTER

# aphy

### *A Perspective On Typography*

Typography is an art form that is often overlooked in the world of design. However, for Andrew Peck, a senior at WPU and an SGD major, it is a form of self-expression that he discovered through his studies. WPU's typography class teaches students how to layout letters, create titles, and format text to grab a reader's attention.

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Typography can add to a visual text by making it more legible, creating more of an impact on an audience. Peck explains, "If you understand the principles [of typography], you are going to make your work more readable to someone who sees your art."

Typography has helped Peck shape his resume and incorporate design into his skill set. He notes that typography and design classes are crucial, even for students who may not be pursuing a career in design. It helps someone who may be looking at a resume know the focal points of what the applicant is trying to show a potential employer.

For Peck, typography is fundamental; "It emphasizes not necessarily what you [as the artist] think looks good, but how it affects the person that is looking at the art," he states. Typography has the power to impact how the viewer perceives art and, in return, the way the artist views themselves.

# The Fig Tree

*By Julianna Moreland*

Along a river, I sat. The river held the smell of sweet summertime. You know — the kind of smell where honeysuckles perfume the hot, succulent, humid air. I waited for a breeze to catch and brush through my tender leaves, easing my blistering bark. The breeze didn't come, for I was settled in coastal North Carolina with the hint of August perspiring on my leaves.

The river was like a bathtub during the summer months, soaking in its own filth and seemingly boiling to the touch. Its warmth seeped out to the trees and houses that littered its shores. I didn't mind it though. It made the winters mild and my fruits fleshy at ripening time. The warmth was a way of survival for us. We North Carolinians — and yes, although a tree, I consider myself an inhabitant of the state — craved the saltiness that beads up above the lips. To sweat is to live. There is nothing that exclaims, "I'm here! I'm alive!" more than the dew on warm skin, or in my case, leaves.

Our land never grew barren during these hot summers, for each afternoon a nasty storm came and went. The kind of storm that warned you with the sound of chimes on your neighbor's porch. The kind you'd want to watch, with its clouds almost teasing you to look at their underbelly. It was on one of these days, during one of these storms, that I met her.

There were no introductions and we didn't get each other's names. At first, all I did was watch her. She was no longer a child but not yet an adult. She walked down toward the river, past me. She didn't run, but I could tell by her eyes that she wanted to. They searched everywhere, never resting — only seeking. I don't think she ever found what she was looking for. I don't think she even knew what she was looking for, but she seemed to settle for the river.

She stood on the shore, close enough to watch the currents fight with each other. It was here where I heard her voice first. She let out a groan, almost inhuman. She continued these groans until they got weaker and held no emotion. She sank to the ground, sopping and clay-like in the deluge, and began pulling at whatever pieces of grass she could get her hands on. Angrily, aggressively, and regrettfully. But she kept on. Although I knew not her name, I felt as though I knew her sorrow. It was as though she was fearfully asking, "Mother, do you hear my cries? Father, do you understand them?" I felt for her, I did.

I wished that my limbs could stretch out of their binds and surround her in an embrace. As quickly as she came, she left — as though she could not stand staring at the raging water like it was some atrocious mirror of herself. As she passed me, my limbs bowing in the wind caught her attention.

She brushed her soft hands over my rough bark and examined my leaves in between her fingers. She realized that I was in season and a glimmer set light to her eyes. She gently pinched one of the figs off my limb and took a delicate bite and then another, fuller, and another until my fig that rested in her hand was gone. On her palm sat the leftover milky white sap,

after day, for years to come. A few summers elapsed and she remained faithful to me. As each season passed, she cared for me on her way down to the river. In the winter, she would pat my sides as if reassuring me that warmth was right around the corner. Deep in the summers, she would graciously tend to my fruit that I begged to have picked. She viewed the river and me as her friends.



which she wiped away on her soaking shirt. She then lifted the shirt, wet and molded to her skin, to form a basket of sorts. She filled it with more of my figs and walked away with a small smile on her lips. I didn't have the guts to say goodbye, but unknown to me, she would be back, day

We held no imprint of her emotions, as a journal and ink would, but she came to us for refuge. We acted as her confidants. In secret, we held her tears as she tried not to burden us. For years, it was as though her heart was in need of pruning. No job that a mere tree, nor a river, could do.

The summer that she went away, she was about the age of someone ready to leave home. That summer, I met the one who would take her away. The one that would prune her heart. He was of similar nature to her — the same kind of hair and the same kind of confident walk on his way to the river. But his eyes were different. Unlike hers, his held a composed disposition. They knew what they were seeking.

I, at first, wondered why she would bring him to our spot. This was where she mourned and praised life — I wondered how he earned his place on her walk to the river. Among their countless walks that summer, I figured out why. She was falling in love.

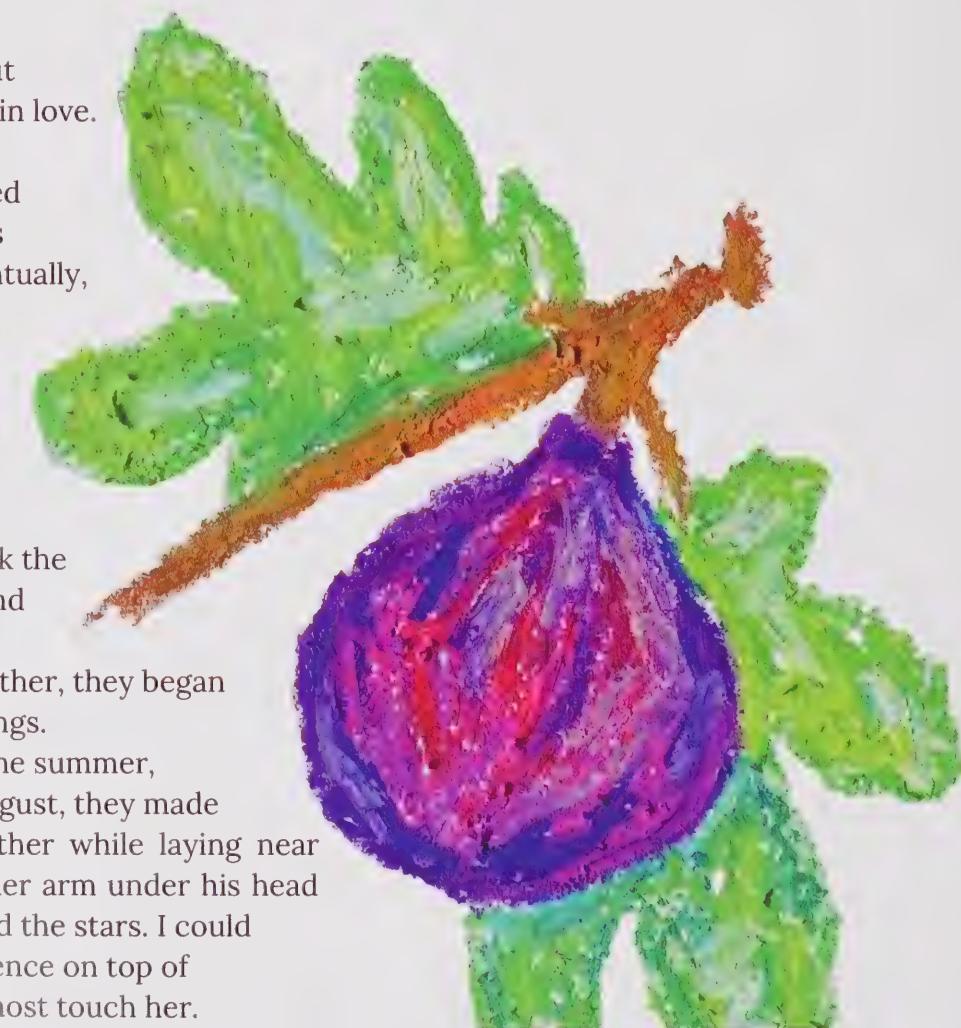
Their laughter echoed throughout the trees around me and, eventually, they shared one another's sorrows. Their tears became one. His limbs did what I could never do for her — embrace her. He took the loss from her eyes and enveloped it with his assurances. Together, they began to seek the same things.

Nearing the end of the summer, on a night in mid-August, they made plans with one another while laying near the river. She held her arm under his head as they contemplated the stars. I could almost feel her presence on top of my roots. I could almost touch her.

I could almost whisper to her sweetly, "lay your arm under my head and confide in me once more." But I kept my form and continued my quiet existence as her observer.

As clouds began to cover the stars, they got up from their place on the grass and began to walk away from the river. As she passed me, she patted my bark and told him how much she loved me and my fruit. Neither of us had the guts to say goodbye, for unknown to us both, she would never come back.

Art by Julianna Moreland '24



*By Julianna Moreland*

# A Brewed Goodbye

A creator, holding truth in the palms of His hands, tells me:  
“Remember this, the creak of twisted rope  
Soon slips away, so revere life before

Bitter goodbyes leave a lasting scar.”  
As I gaze at the hazel pile, frost-touched,  
Where golden leaves fall, only to join the dead—  
Worry drops from my grasp.

The scent of sweet earth counters sunlit bark,  
And, like a kettle under covers,  
The evening light casts off the numbing cold.

Drought-stricken hands hold onto the hope of what will be  
When the rustling of words crunches beneath buckled boots.  
Even as shadows begin to disappear, my heart  
Is readied for battle, embracing December’s start.

anonymous

# fing ers

cigarettes shaking between,  
tracing lovers lips,  
cut through water,  
steady the blade.

they have no choice,  
no mind of their own.  
if my fingers knew  
what i'd done to myself.

# glass pane

*By Julianna Moreland*

I am the pane of a window—  
Where the glass blades of corners meet  
The splintering of sound wood.

Tucked in the crevices of my structure,  
I fill up the glazing as an observer.  
I hold the reflection of each day,  
molding my being to capture the light that reaches my surface.

I open to the sea,  
Framing the magnetic blue view.  
The sea and I are endless, my reflection continuous.  
The sight washes adventure to the shores  
Of my core.

Possibilities become infinite—  
From a glass pane to the eyes of a child,  
in a moment's look, I mold.  
The role of the observer resides over each place I hold,  
I am the pane of a window,  
Committed to me and I to him.

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# Prism

William Peace University's Literary Magazine

